

## sweet as syrup by aegyofairy

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Robin (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-09-17

**Updated:** 2018-09-17

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 02:40:16

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,390

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“The specials are on the back of the menu, Billy.”

“My eyes are tired.”

Steve takes a deep breath, wants to pinch the bridge of his nose and toss his hands up in surrender, “God, I could punch you right now.”

## **sweet as syrup**

### **Author's Note:**

i posted this on my tumblr spacecaced, but i'm probably going to make a collection of all the random drabbles i do bc frankly that number is increasing at an alarming rate

Steve wasn't really looking for a job, it wasn't like he needed the money, but with the house to himself most of the time and nothing to do it would have been ridiculous to just sit around doing nothing. Plus, no matter how absentee his parents were for extended amounts of time, Steve still had trouble justifying spending their money.

Of course, the choices for jobs in Hawkins were slim – unless you counted the frequent openings at the arcade which, no, just no – in the end it was a help wanted sign pinned to the local diner that caught his eye.

He started work on a Wednesday and became fast friends with Robin, another waitress, by that Friday.

After working at the diner for half the summer things were starting to get predictable for Steve.

On Monday mornings there was little to no business in the except for a few regulars who wanted a cup of joe while reading their paper. Tuesdays were meant for Nancy and Jonathan, who came by to split a basket of fries and a milkshake, always perfectly timed with Steve's break so he could join them. Wednesday was uneventful but every Thursday and Friday there would be a booth in Steve's section teaming with rowdy kids – because apparently the party have nothing better to do than bother Steve while he's busy at work – and then there's Saturday.

"Your usual is here, Stevie." Robin's voice calls from the cash register.

He can practically see the shit-eating grin on her face.

Steve glances up from where he'd been sorting everything behind the display case – like maybe Robin's just teasing him again like she tends to but sure enough his regular is right on time -- and sees Billy Hargrove sitting in his section pretending to look through the menu like he doesn't have it memorized front to back.

As soon as Steve gets to the table he immediately picks up on the scent clinging to Billy, the faint metallic and vaguely oil heavy smell from working at the auto shop in town, it always annoyed him that Billy seemed to come straight from work for the express purpose of disrupting his day.

Robin liked to call it romantic, Steve calls it a pain in the ass.

"Any chance you're just going to give me your order?" Steve asks, hopefully.

Billy gives him a look, one that conveys a lot all at once but mainly the saying yeah right in all its sarcastic glory, and Steve's last remaining hopes die, "Could I hear the specials?"

His voice is sugary sweet, and Steve has the blinding urge to stab him with the pen he uses to jot down orders.

But he actually likes having a job and a clean criminal record and both would be utterly tarnished if he snapped right here and now, so he reads out the specials through clenched teeth with a fake ass smile that makes his cheeks hurt – it's not like Billy doesn't come in every fucking day at the same time, it's not like he hasn't been doing this for the last month, it's not like he doesn't know the whole menu from front to back – and Billy just looks up at him with that lazy grin of his.

"The specials are on the back of the menu, Billy."

"My eyes are tired."

Steve takes a deep breath, wants to pinch the bridge of his nose and toss his hands up in surrender, "God, I could punch you right now."

"Kinky, could you read me the specials first?"

The diner isn't too busy around this time, Steve swears that's the only reason he gives in to Billy's request – it has nothing to do with the fact that he looks like a puppy with those wide eyes to counter Steve's unamused stare – the specials are the same as they are every Saturday morning but Billy listens on like he's hearing it all for the first time.

"Satisfied?" Steve asks once he's rattled off the memorized list.

"Sure am," He says with a wink, handing Steve his menu, "you've got the prettiest voice, Harrington, anyone ever tell you that?"

"Just you, every Saturday."

It's like Billy has a new routine of flirtations to try out on him but of all the things that change, that genuine little comment stays the same. Steve can't deny that it does soften him up just a little, but still, just because Billy is annoyingly cute sometimes it doesn't mean he's gotta like being interrupted at work.

"So," he says after a moment of Billy not bothering to add anything else – just staring at him with those blue eyes, "the usual?"

"Please."

"Comin' right up."

Billy's usual is easy to remember and by the time he makes it over to Robin she's already getting out the apple pie from behind the display case. "You know, I'd kill for someone to visit me during work; I'd even settle for someone even half as hot as him."

Robin never minces words, it's one of the things Steve appreciates most about her, but right now he just wants to stick his head in the microwave, "You want him? You can have him."

"You know you don't mean that, plus you two are cute with all the flirting. It's like, my only form of entertainment between getting Mrs. Jeffries her coffee and switching the tv over to the sports channel for Benny."

"It's not flirting, Billy just loves to come and bother me at work. I

think it's his only joy in life."

"Don't forget the apple pie and free coffee refills." Robin chips in as Steve grabs a mug.

Billy's order is so simple that he could probably do it asleep on autopilot. Steve fills the mug and adds two sugar cubes and a splash of creamer before grabbing the plate of apple pie from Robin.

"Fair, pretty sure he's going to be diabetic at the rate he's going though."

It's not like Billy's the only one who has a sweet tooth in town, Steve's used to serving slices of pie and hot coffee to numerous customers that come in. The apple pie is fresh and warm, with a flaky crust packed full of cinnamon syrup drenched apples, and the it doesn't take much for Steve to balance the plate and the mug of coffee, depositing them at Billy's table with haste as more customers start to filter in.

"What's the rush, can't you spend a little more time with your favorite customer?"

"You're not my favorite, you hardly even tip that well." Steve accuses, sliding him the mug of coffee and watching as Billy almost immediately burns his tongue by taking a sip.

He looks offended – both at the coffee cup and at Steve simultaneously – "Now that just hurts."

"It's okay, you seem the type to recover quickly. Now, can I get back to my job?" Steve asks, eyeing the two tables he hasn't greeted yet, but Billy grasps his wrist before he can move away.

"Before you go, I was wondering, you got any plans tonight?"

It's not the first time Billy's asked that question.

"Actually, yeah. My boyfriend's taking me out after my shift ends." Steve's response never varies, and Billy doesn't look surprised either, just thoughtful with that same playfulness shining through.

“Huh, lucky guy.”

Steve feels himself smile, more on instinct than anything else, he just can't help it, “I think I'm the lucky one though.”

Billy is taken aback, eyebrows raised but the smile stays, “Yeah? He must be pretty special.”

“You have no idea.”

With that, Billy lets him go and Steve pulls on the fakest most nauseatingly cheerful smile he can muster for the remaining tables he has to wait on. Distantly – while the family take the chance to ask damn near a million pointless questions – he can hear Robin making small talk with Billy as she refills his coffee and Steve feels slightly less overwhelmed as he seats newcomers and takes orders, refills waters, and reads out the specials five more times.

When he finally makes it back to Billy's table, already wanting to go home, Robin had already given him his check. On the table is a tip and a napkin with a cheesy line scrawled on it in Billy's neat handwriting. Steve rolls his eyes, even with no one around to see, and gets back to work, losing himself in the lunch rush as he waits for his time to be over.

The clock ticks so loudly it's almost deafening, the second hand seeming to drag as Steve's eyes remained glued to the movement while he aimlessly sweeps the tile flooring of the diner. He always does a shitty job of cleaning up, but with just him and Robin on closing duty Steve can feel free to slack off a bit.

In his defense, it's hard to focus on anything but the idea of getting out of this florescent light-bulb hell. Steve's got someone waiting for him and that's the only thing he can keep his mind on for long.

He keeps sweeping though, until it's time for him to clock out and Robin grabs the broom from Steve's hands, already shooing him towards the door, “Dude I got this, wouldn't want to keep lover boy waiting.”

And Steve, he really adores her, “You're the best.”

Robin waves him off – because really, she doesn't need anyone to tell her that – “Oh I know, now go on live for the both of us!”

He doesn't have to be told twice before he's clocking out – Steve really likes his job, but there's something he likes a bit more, maybe even loves – and heading out those double doors to absolute freedom.

The night sky twinkles with the faintness of stars and the flickering lamplight's in the parking lot are no less creepy than when Steve first started working at the diner, but none of that matters when he spots the midnight blue Camaro.

“Are you ever going to stop annoying me at work?” Steve asks as soon as he slides into the passenger seat of the car.

Billy doesn't even have the decency to apologize, “Nope.” he pops the ‘p’ sound and leans over to steal a kiss that Steve's been craving since he saw Billy licking the cinnamon syrup off his fork.

He tastes like home and smells like Steve's cologne – the same cologne that Billy has complained about multiple times since it doesn't smell all fancy like his own – and his lips are warm, his hair just a little damp from a shower and Steve just, god he melts into Billy each time.

“Admit it,” Billy says, lips still brushing against Steve's, “you love it when I tease you.”

“I admit absolutely nothing.”

But just saying that admits everything.

The truth is, Steve loves that Billy never seems to tire of being around him, even if it was at work and they had to keep up appearances – Robin being the only one who knew about them – it always makes his heart beat that much louder and his pulse quicken whenever Billy shoots him one of those disarmingly warm smiles.

“You were admitting a lot earlier though,” Billy teases, as Steve sinks back against his seat but keeps his fingers laced with Billy's rested and linked together over the center console, “you think I'm special,” he sings, drawing out the word even as Steve groans.

“I take it back, I take everything back you jerk.”

The grin on his face gives away how happy he is though, even as he turns away to stare out the window, trying and failing to hide his smile. It doesn't last long though since Billy's purposefully driving slow enough to catch nearly every red light at this time of night, with hardly anyone out on the road, bringing Steve's hand up to kiss the back of it with each stop of the glowing red lights.

Whenever Steve gets off work Billy's always there to pick him up in the blue Camaro that's just another piece of the world they share together. In this car going at whatever speed Billy sees fit, they're completely untouchable, just them and the road. Most of the time they go back to Steve's house, the one that's so empty even his quiet thoughts sound like yelling in his head, but on nights like this Billy just drives and drives, Steve completely content to go along for the ride.

Sometimes they make it all the way to Chicago and other days they barely get to the next town, just find somewhere to park and lay on the hood of the car with their hands held and their thoughts out in the open. They have similar dreams and Steve thinks, the more time passes, the more he cares less and less for the idea of where he'll be and the more he tries to make sure that Billy, no matter what, is there beside him.

“You know,” Billy says, once they've passed their third stop light, “I think you got it wrong earlier though, pretty boy, you might think you're lucky but me? I struck gold with you.”

Steve's face heats immediately, a gut reaction even after all the times Billy has left his heart out there, it still catches him by surprise, “Babe...”

For all the teasing and all the games they play, Billy's still the one who can pull out something heartfelt and keep Steve floundering. It's so ridiculous how every word just falls out of his mind. Usually Billy just admires how caught off guard he looks -- makes a comment about how pretty he thinks Steve looks when he's speechless -- but tonight isn't like that at all.



Steve knows just what to say, squeezing Billy's hand as they keep driving, "I don't just think you're special Billy, you're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

He's sure Billy could possibly wreck the car with such a declaration, but instead his eyes shine under the night sky and they both pretend that they're not emotional wrecks ready to cry over it. They just hold each other's hands a little tighter and know that whatever they say, however they say it, whatever it sounds like, it all means the same thing.

I love you.

### **Author's Note:**

thank you for reading ! feel free to drop by my [tumblr](#) where i forever accept prompts of all kinds and story ideas as well (not just for harringrove but dc/mcu too)